

W. G. Strait

NORMAL SPOTLIGHT

**Mansfield, Pa.
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LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

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Normal Spotlight

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What A College Man Should Know

By Andrew F. West Dean of the Graduate School of Princeton University

What ought a college man to know? That is, what ought he know by graduation?—taking school and college together. He ought to know something about the main problems of human knowledge and how to use this knowledge well. With this secured, he is a man of all-round education. He has a standpoint for judging everything rightly and for acting accordingly. He has a base for his whole life—and his living, too.

There are four great questions which face every man who thinks—or who does not think, for that matter. To each problem the answers are given, so far as given at all, in corresponding studies of which the student should know at least the fundamental part. Otherwise his base becomes shaky. He should also know as much more as he can, according to his ascertained attitudes and not according to hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky caprice, or even his serious but uninformed choice.

There is, first, the problem of nature—the world of things outside us, the one largest world in space and time, the vast outer circle within which we live and act for our whole earthly life. The answers to this problem are written in Mathematics and Science in definite, consecutive order. The structure of this knowledge begins in mathematics and rises without break or crack through physics to chemistry and so to biology. The man who has the elements of mathematical reasoning and of physics has begun well, and if he goes on to chemistry and biology, he has done better. His foundation is then sound for all scientific knowledge.

There is, second, the problem of mankind, the world of persons outside us, the large but nearer inner circle within which we must live and act, unless we retire to a desert. The answers to this problem are written in the record of human achievement which we may call History, including history proper, politics, economics, art and archaeology, and like studies—all that deals with the collective movements of men. Here we need History first, old history forever, “repeating itself”

in later history, so we may get a long base-line on which to measure things, a panorama of the Past out of which the Present has issued. The man who doesn’t know what has gone by, can hardly guess right at what is coming.

There is, third, the nearest problem of all, the world of self, our own individual soul, the world within, right at the center of the outer circle of mankind and the outmost circle of nature. Self-expression is the first thing we get here. The unseen but seeing human mind expresses itself in many ways, but especially in what we may generally call Literature. Here language becomes the one indispensable educational instrument in thought. And we ought to know at least something about the languages and literatures fundamental to our western civilization. This means and must mean the classics, for their relation is as radical to the best literary training as is the relation of physics to chemistry or history to politics. The “neglect of classics” as a principal college study is “deplorable,” as President Lowell, of Harvard, emphatically asserts. So a student who is not to be in some sense illiterate needs some knowledge of the classics. He should also enlarge and enrich this by modern literatures in addition. Can everyone get all this? Maybe not. But at least he can try for all in his reach—and try hard.

There is, fourth, the explanation which unites the problems of nature mankind and man’s individual self in one complete view, all in due order and proportion—the Why of all our knowledge. It is Philosophy. Without it the problems remain unconnected and men fail to “get the hang” of their thinking as a whole. With it the human mind attains its widest range of vision.

Such is the order of liberal knowledge. It is possible to master the elementary parts in college and have free time also for one’s special aptitudes. This is the base on which Princeton stands. Knowledge is power and the better the knowledge the greater the power.—From the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

Cutting Classes. What It Means In \$\$ And Cents

By Maurice O. Woodrow

The number of days missed by the Normal students during the winter term, consisting of twelve weeks or exactly 53 schools days, is 1,237 days or an average of 2 3-4 days for each student. This is equivalent to one student missing 117 weeks or 3 2-5 years. The average student takes six and two fifths classes a day, which is equal to four and four fifths hours a day. Counting the time lost in not attending classes, having no reference to "cuts" for chapel, church, "gym" or even the study hour we have a total of 927 3-4 hours lost. In dollars and cents this is what it means: As the minimum wage of the school teacher is thirty cents an hour, the afore mentioned in terms of U. S. currency, would amount to \$278.32 1-2, BUT wait! this is not all. Providing each student uses one excuse card for each day absent the cost of the cards alone would be \$6.17 1-2, not counting ink wasted or time spent getting cards and getting them signed. So adding the loss in time and the cost of the cards we have a total of \$284.50.

If these cards were placed in a line, they would extend from Mansfield to the upper end of Oakwood or a distance of two and five-eighths miles.

With this money one could go to church and give collection 5,690 times, or we could buy 5,690 "pokes" of Peachy for Reckus, or the same number of packs of Beach Nut Gum (?) for "Sumal", Cresswell or even that many packs of Ziras for Dimmick; and our old friend "Tuckie" Arnold could get enough cans of Copenhagen to last him 1,896 2-3 weeks.

It would be possible for a couple to go on 1,424 "Movie" parties and still have enough money left to buy an ice cream soda. George Naval could smoke 2,844 packs of "Camels" and still have enough to purchase chewing gum.

Those who were so inclined could go to Blossburg 112 times and have a hilarious time by getting away with twenty schooners per trip, and camping in a seventy-five cent lodging house on each occasion. Traveling expenses would also be taken care of at that. If Mansfield was wet 5,690 schooners or 2,845 whiskies could be purchased and as the schooner is three inches in diameter and eight inches high, not counting the foam, there would be a line of schooners on a bar equal to the distance from the office to the First National Bank and then to the Baptist Church. If you placed them end on end an accumulation of glasses 3,749 feet would result. This is five times the Woolworth building.

At the rate of thirty crackers for a nickle we could get 170,700 pieces of State Aid. Could buy 4,064 quarts of milk or even make "Nutz" Allison happy by purchasing that number of Riccoros.

As a list of additional dope on this treatise you might "try this on your piano":—

With potatoes at \$4 a bushel, Steward Dunlap could buy 7 bushels.

Mrs. Kopperman could go to Elmira 158 times.

Prof. Ward could get shaved 1,896 times.

Three hundred seventy-nine bottles of hair restorer could be bought for Prof. Rupert and then he would have enough left to buy a teething ring for Prof. Rupert, Jr.

We could buy 28,450 Elmira "Huralds" for "Vichy."

One could go to a Percy Hemus concert 284 times, with a girl too, and still have enough cash remaining to visit the library for ice cream.

Prof. Cass could travel from New York to San Francisco three times and he would not have to worry about any gasoline bill.

Prof. Strait could go to his home and return to Mansfield 948 times, or travel a distance of 22,760 miles and still have enough of the expensive juice left to enable his little Ford to ramble up Pickle Hill.

Five hundred and eight special examination fees could be paid.

Girls could go to Vosburg's and spend 1,138 quarters and still they wouldn't be broke.

One could buy 1,422,300 watch chains for Dr. Platt.

One alarm clock could be bought for every room in the school except Prof. Kichline's and two could be placed in his room.

Ninety lavaliers with Normal seals could be purchased for Helen Scanlon.

Three engagement rings could be furnished for Miss Wilcox to place on sale in the book room.

Thirty-seven rings could be supplied to those who might need them.

George Palmér would probably be willing to sell his famous "spud necklace or his Bermuda ring.

Alys Brown could get 813 boxes of Djer Kyse.

And last but not least, one could buy enough soap to clean the dirty dozen.

(Ah-men!)

An Hour With Ole Bull

At the Sunday evening Vesper service of April 15, Dr. Will George Butler gave an interesting violin recital. Dr. Butler preceded his recital with a talk on the life history of Ole Bull, and of the Norwegian Village, which he built up at Oleona in Potter county, Pennsylvania. He also showed some pictures of Ole Bull on the screen. He played two selections of Ole Bull's composition, one of his favorite sonatas, and one of his own composition.

Miss Georgia L. Hoag accompanied excellently on the organ and piano. The following program was rendered:—

Solitude sur la Montagne	Ole Bull
Nocturne, Op. '2	Ole Bull
"Visions of Oleona"	Dr. Butler
Sonata VIII, Op. 30, No. 3.	Beethoven

Allegro assai

Tempo di Minuetto

Allegro Vivace

A Nonsensical Ballad

By Elaine Manley

One day I sat a dozing,
 A dozing in a class.
 Room M was rather stuffy—
 And it was my very last.
 There came a drowsy feeling,
 I tried with all my might
 But the dimming lines of Dimmick
 Slowly dimmed out of my sight.
 And I dreamed—
 I walked a path beneath the sea
 Where purple polyps grew,
 And oily oysters laughed and grinned
 When I hove into view.
 At sight of me, a barnacle
 With laughter split his sides—
 And seven giddy star-fish
 Rocked in glee a down the tide.
 I really couldn't see the joke,
 'Twas quite too much for me,
 Altho' I was a student
 Of advanced Zoology.
 Then I saw—
 A baby chambered nautilus
 Abeckoning to me
 And he gently skidded over
 Thru the green and pulsing sea.
 And we slid into a sea shell
 And as we wound about
 We came into the presence
 Of a fresh sea water trout.
 He took a book from off a shelf
 And leafed it with a fin,
 And when he saw me watching
 He let his features grin.
 Said he, "This book as you must know
 Belongs to Remy Dimmick,
 And I must say the marks herein
 Are certainly the limit."
 He looked me up, he looked me down
 With eyes so cold and green—
 And casually informed me,
 "Your grade is seventeen."
 I gasped, I choked, I shrieked with rage,
 So that was all he gave me!
 And the baby chambered nautilus,
 He really couldn't blame me.
 Said he, "There's retribution due,
 And I will help you find it."
 He pointed to a sea weed wall
 And bade me look behind it.
 Now Dimmick, let me tell you friends
 So you will understand it,
 Has such a hardened hardtack heart
 No maiden ever lands it.
 I climbed that wall, I looked just once—
 And then I fell aswooning—
 To tumble into lolly pops
 That down below were blooming.
 For there he sat, our Dimmick did
 His face with bliss a-shining,
 And chatted with an octopus—
 Their lengthy arms entwining.

And now you will forgive me friends
 For tho' I've since been loony
 I really saw it as I said
 And it was mostly spoony.
 Oh never go a dozing
 In one of Dimmick's classes.
 Tho' you're slowly suffocating
 Behind your colored glasses.
 He looks you up, he looks you down
 With eyes so cold and green,
 And casually informs you—
 "Miss, your grade is seventeen."

E. E. M.

Recital by Harold Strait.

On Saturday evening, April 14, Harold G. Strait, assisted by Prof. Harry W. Fawcett, gave an excellent vocal recital. Mr. Strait has a fine tenor voice and proved at this recital that he had wonderful control over it. He had very clear enunciation and good interpretation. The attention of his audience expressed that the feelings and emotions of his songs were imparted to them, and their hearty applause expressed their supreme appreciation of the entire program.

Mr. Fawcett's selections added very much to the program and were equally enjoyed by the audience. Much of the success was due to the accompaniment of Miss Farnham.

The program was as follows:—

I Know a Lovely Garden	d'Hardelot
Shena Van	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
When the Dew is Falling	Schneider
Mr. Strait	
Sonatina in D Major, Op. 137	Schubert
Mr. Fawcett	
Celeste Aida (from Aida)	Verdi
Serenade	Fosti
Mr. Strait	
Le Cygne	Saint-Saens
Mr. Fawcett	
Without Thee	d'Hardelot
Dreaming	Shelley
O Little Mother of Mine	Nevin
Mr. Strait	
Mazurka, Op. 73	Foiml
Mr. Fawcett	
A Banjo Song	Homer
Marguerita	Meyer-Helmund
The Bandolero	Stuart
Mr. Strait	

Mutable Arthur.

"Arthur has changed a lot during the past month."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's been working in the box office down at the Bijou."—Jack o' Lantern.

The Lost Will

By John Hannon

The heat was intense this particular afternoon, and from the nineteenth floor of the big square, uninviting, office building, a young man looked longingly out toward the silvery blue of the Hudson which lay cool and inviting off in the west. He softly hummed an old college song:

"Row; row; row; boys, our shell is on the blue,
Row; row; row; boys, we know you're tried and true,
Row; row; row; each eye is watching you.

Jimmy, for that was his name, had been on the varsity rowing crew when in college, but the position that he held—shall we tell it? Whisper it low then: was that of coxswain. Jimmy had the strength and skill for a position as stroke on the team, but owing to his diminutive stature he was chosen coxswain.

But why did Jimmy sit and muse? Why should any young lawyer, just out of college, be pensive? He had only recently been admitted to the bar and now wrote his name James Tarbox, Esq. It was bitter enough to have such a name but "the most unkindest cut of all" was the fact that Dorothy Edsall, the stenographer, had acted so coolly toward him of late. Then too, she had been so accustomed to calling him Jimmy, that when she restored to the name of Mr. Tarbob, he inwardly groaned.

"I don't blame her, I am an insignificant runt," and he thought how the name would sound, "Mrs. James Ta—" No, he did not go any farther. He could not have anyway, for there came a knock at the door, very faint above the roar of the traffic below.

He opened the door and was confronted by an old man, accompanied by a young man of decided military bearing.

"This is the office of Wise and Pearson?"

"Yes; but they have gone home for the day," said Jimmy.

"I wish to transact some business and Mr. Wise is an old friend of mine. My name is Bennett. He will remember me," said the old man.

The next morning found the two visitors again at the office and while greetings were exchanged between the older men, young Bennett proceeded to make himself agreeable to the stenographer.

"Well, let's to business," said the old gentleman, with an air of unusual briskness for one of his age, "I am getting old and wish to make my will in favor of my nephew here, of West Point. He is on leave of absence. I have no near relatives except a cousin, whom I have never seen, living in western Pennsylvania. To this cousin I wish to leave a yearly allowance."

The will was drawn and duly sworn to, after which Dorothy proceeded to put it in the safe. The letter to the cousin was also written.

Keep this letter—until—until I am gone," said the old man slowly, "that will be time enough, I never did like to have people gather round me trying to act nice when they expect to gain by it. And now, remember Wise, old boy, you are to be the executor. I think I have only a little time left."

The men shook hands and parted, but met again twice on matters of minor importance. The favorite

nephew was always with Mr. Bennett, so much so, that Jimmy wondered if these visits were really necessary.

"She does not act like she used to towards me, since that confounded West Pointer came. Well, I have nothing to commend me unless it may be my hideous name. Oh, why was I not born Smith or some commonplace name and allowed to sink into oblivion unknown? Even my friends stammer and hesitate when they introduce me at the Strollers' Club."

One morning, the desk telephone buzzed and James recognized the voice of his chief. "I cannot come down to the office today. My friend, Bennett was found dead this morning. Have Miss Edsall send that letter so that his cousin may come to the funeral."

As Jimmy hung up the receiver, he was thinking of the glorious liberty of a whole day without the bald head of the senior member popping up just when not wanted. He also hoped that Mr. Pearson would be detained out of town by a familiar "wreck on the New Haven." But Mr. Pearson was not detained. He was there at the usual hour.

Four days later found those who were interested in the will, assembled in the office.

"Miss Edsall, hand me the will, if you please," said Mr. Wise. "Pearson will not be here this morning."

As Dorothy took out the large envelope, a look of surprise, then of speechless agony spread over her face,—she sank into a chair, murmuring as she looked across at Cadet Bennett. "Oh, I have ruined you, what shall I do?" and fainted. When she was restored to consciousness the senior partner said to the young man, "Take her home, please. Come Miss Edsall," as he assisted her to the elevator.

"Now James," he said in his severest tones, "do you know where that will is? I once was young myself," and the faintest suggestion of a smile flitted across his face. "Do not be angry, as I am accusing no one of destroying the will, but we are all human you know." Here his tone had become patronizing.

Jimmy drew himself up to his full height, which indeed was not so very much, and replied, "Mr. Wise do you suppose I would resort to theft to try to gain what you know of course, is near to my heart? No!" Then he slowly came to himself. "If the will is missing it is likely that Miss Dorothy sent it, by mistake instead of the letter."

"Strange that I had not thought of that before," said the older man, "and that would explain why the cousin was not here for the funeral." He laughed shortly. He must have been somewhat surprised to receive that will. Well, he is in possession of it and can destroy it, if he wishes. Then he is free to sue for his share. Miss Edsall saw this, and that is, perhaps, why she took on so. Surely, a woman's intention! She grasped the situation instantly. What do you suppose he did with the will? Burn it on the spur of the moment?"

"He has perhaps, taken counsel on it," ventured James, "such as he might be able to get in a town of five hundred population."

When Mr. Pearson came to the office in the afternoon, he was made acquainted with the facts. His cynical face grew long and hard as he called his partner into the private office and closed the door.

"He thinks me guilty of stealing that will," thought Jimmy. "perhaps Dorothy also thinks me guilty, and hence the cause of her agitation."

When the two men came out of the office their faces had a worried look. "Jimmy," said Mr. Wise, "When you finish those briefs you may go home. We must go now, as Pearson wishes to catch his train." Then he added, "I believe in you my boy."

The young man was once more left alone with his reflections. He kept saying to himself, "I must recover that missing will." His reverie was broken by a loud knock at the door and before he recovered himself to answer it, the door opened, revealing a man who had the air of a stranger seeing a large city for the first time. His face bore look of self-satisfaction and cunning. Instantly Jimmy thought, "If a man like this were in possession of the will, he would be just the one who would keep it if he could."

"Be these 'ere the rooms of Wise and Pearson?" he asked.

"They are," replied the young man, "be seated." He was busy preparing for the struggle which he felt was coming. Should he wait until the other men were present? No, with the resourcefulness of youth he felt capable of attending to this matter single handed.

"Well, I got the will you fellers were so kind as to send me, and am here to claim my property."

"Your share of the property, you mean," said Jimmy.

I mean jest what I said, the property is mine and the will is snug in here," and he tapped his pockets with an air of self-confidence. Then he asked, "Be you one of the lawyers?"

Quick as a flash Jimmy thought of the old third degree room across the hall where lawyers and detectives used to bring their prisoners in order to ply them with questions.

"No," he replied, "they are across the hall. Come, follow me."

When they had both entered the old room, Jimmy turned the key in the lock, then he swung round and addressed his companion. "This is a room with no windows, as you will observe, it is also sound proof and has no exit save the door of which I hold the key—you shall stay here until you give up the will."

The older man's face became livid with rage. He made a mental estimate of the strength of his companion. He breathed heavily. It was plain to him that he had been foiled.

For a few moments the two men stood glaring at each other, then the older man broke the silence.

"I suppose you also wish to cheat me out of my yearly allowance?"

"No we shall deal absolutely fair with you, if in return you will be square with us."

"Well, here it is," and he slowly drew from his inner pocket the familiar yellow envelope containing the much desired will.

The next day when the foregoing events were related to the two lawyers, they impulsively grasped

the hands of their clerk, and at the same time both exclaimed, "Jimmy, you are clever! You shall be our partner."

When Dorothy appeared later that morning he had the good fortune to see her alone for a few minutes.

Briefly he told the story and that of his promotion last. "I did it for your sake Dorothy, I know you will be happier with him."

"With him!" and Dorothy laughed. "O Jimmy, how little you know what a girl really cares for! I would not be mistress of that big Bennett Mansion for anything in the world. I am happier, far happier here in this office." She paused and faltered. "Must—I—ask to be a partner, too?"

MODEL SCHOOL MISHAPS

Europin War.

The Europin war was started by Rosevelt. He went over to Germany and they showed him their ammunition, and submirines and he told them that they could whip the world, and they were big enough fools to beleve him, and so they started.

They went across Belgium and she was a nutril country, so England declared war against Germany and so did France.

Germany captured and killed so many Americans that America is about to declair war on them.

"The crow-bar snake lives in Africa.

The people are black around the Equator."

"Luther Burbank makes potatoes and all colored watermelons."

"Once the earth was hollow and the water came upon it and carried part of it away."

After the discussion of phrases, "What is over the river?"—"A bridge."

In the story of Beowulf, "the dragon sneezed the warrior."

On the day of Admiral Dewey's death:

Mr. Briggs—"How many of the class have heard of anyone by the name of Dewey?"

Little girl frantically waving her hand, "My mother's first husband's name was Dewey."

"Dr" Toole.

Wonderful Mr. Toole,

A teacher in this school!

He can work any problem

According to one rule.

We must be very thick.

We cannot learn the trick,

Of this rule which he gives us:

"Without a pencil—Quick!"

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WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Many difficult problems confront the student of today, among them being that of maintaining one's independence and another of being able to "come back" after a discouraging defeat of some sort or another. An interesting reference is made to those two problems in the April number of the *Areopagitica*. Robert D. Towne, editor of the magazine, tells it in the following way:—

"It has cost me heavily at times to maintain my own independence and to keep my account clear in this behalf. Three times I have walked out of my place of business a defeated and broken man. Three times I have stood on the street corner penniless; and every time I have done what I am now proud to look back on. I did not go and drown or shoot myself. I did not lose faith and fall into railing on society and the world. I did not slouch off into a pessimistic grouch and swear that the world is a regular ell of a place. I did what I want you and everybody to do. I pulled myself together and went at it again, cheerfully and with malice toward none."

"NOT ALL RAG TIME AND CIGARETTES"

According to George Ade, the noted humorist, "the world isn't all rag time and cigarettes" and he wants someone to convey that truth to the young men of America. In addressing a society of artists and writers in New York recently Ade said:—

"Sometimes I think that the mothers who did not raise their boy to be a soldier, raised him to be a vaudeville performer. They are too old to spank, but we can line them up and convince them that the world is not all rag time and cigarettes. We must teach them the eternal law of compensation that he who takes must also give."

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business.
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling anywhere,
Is it anybody's business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
Whether 'tis or whether 'tisn't
We should really like to know,
For we are certain, if it isn't,
There are some who MAKE IT SO.
From choice selections No. 5.

One On T. R.

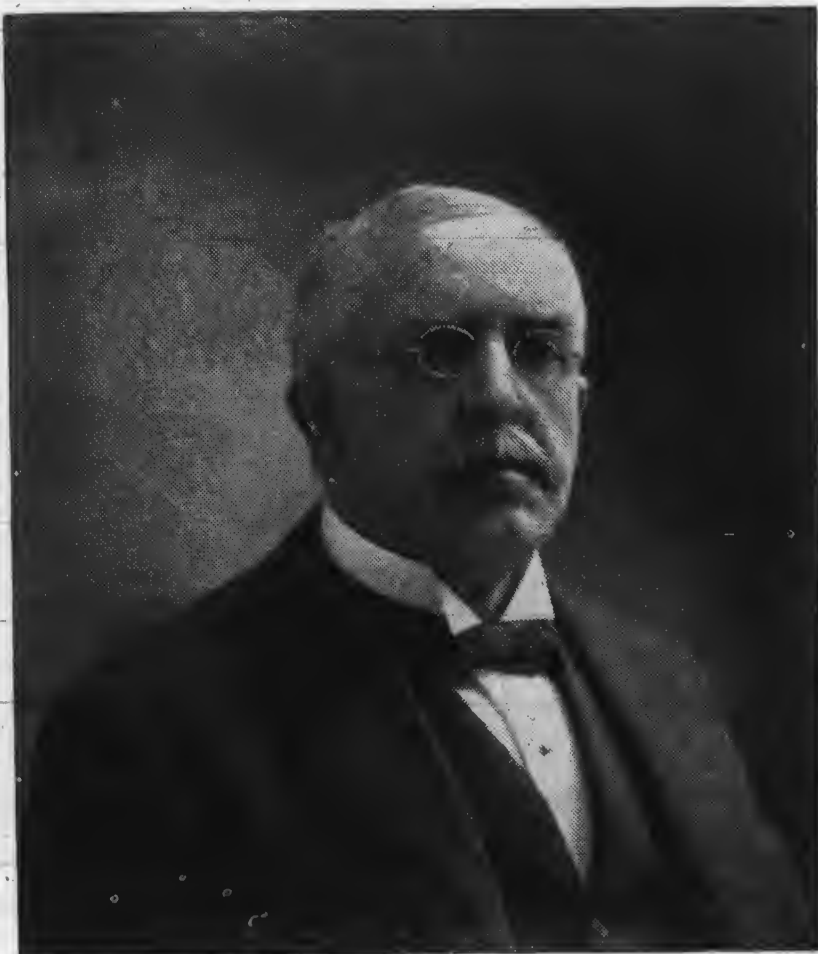
It is told of Colonel Roosevelt that in his school days he was once called upon to recite a poem. Bravely he began:—

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee—
There he faltered. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee," then quit dead. The old professor looked at the future president over the top of his spectacles, then remarked:
"Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go easier then."
Country Gentlemen

Former Principal Dies

Members of the Normal Alumni will grieve to learn of the death of Dr. S. H. Albro, on April 13 at Fredonia, N. Y. Dr. Albro was principal of our school from 1892 to '97 and it was during his administration that Mansfield Normal really reached the front ranks of the great educational institutions of our country.

Dr. Albro was born in Coventry, R. I., in 1837, and was graduated from Brown University in 1866. After serving as principal of schools he was appointed superintendent of Indian schools in 1888 by President



Cleveland. Following this he was an institute instructor in the employ of the State of New York. In 1892 he was called as principal of our school. He agreed to remain as principal in Mansfield for five years but did remain longer until his successor was found. After leaving here in 1899 he was especially commissioned by New York state to hold teachers' conventions throughout the state, work that he continued until a few years ago.

Military Training

(With Apologies to Rudyard and Danny Deever)

"Who are those men a-walkin' there?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're military trainin' men," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"Why do they act so queer, so queer?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're not so sure on left an' right," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're trainin', you can see they're workin' hard,
But they're goin' every which way, and they're tearin'
up the yard,
And the corporal's commandin' from instruction on a
card.
Oh, they're military trainin' for the army.

"Why don't they stay in line,?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're all bawled up, they're all bawled up," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"D'ye think there's any hope for them?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They'll make good commissary men," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're military trainin' 'gainst imaginary foes,
And they're havin' lots of trouble keepin' off each other's
toes,
An' they always get in columns when they ought to be
in rows;
But they're military trainin' for the army.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

Teacher—"What lesson do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

Prize Scholar—"That a strait beats three kings
Dad says."—Judge.

Fellow—Would you cry for help if I should kiss you?

Girl—Why! Would you need some?—New York Medley.

Student's Utopia

(Apologies to Sir Thomas More.)

More's Utopia was located on an island, but the Student's Utopia is located in that part of Pennsylvania, U. S. A., Northern Hemisphere, which is called Tioga county. In fact, the Student's Utopia is the bride of Tioga county, and is centered in that Normal school, situated among the hills which rise "far above Tioga's waters."

Here, ideal conditions prevail. All are contented with the necessities of life; all are employed in useful labor, and there is no need for working more than four hours a day.

Varied amusements are offered to occupy the student's mind during the remaining twenty hours, among which are to be found gymnasium socials, theatorium parties, basket ball, tennis, strolling through the shady lover's lanes above the campus, and canoeing (as suggested by the annual Normal school catalogue.)

The time for eating and sleeping, of course, takes up a majority of these hours, for with such bountiful repasts and such indescribably, soft, downy beds, the students naturally worship at the shrines of Bacchus and Morpheus, considerably.

In order that the Utopian idea as carried out in this Utopia of Utopia's may be understood, the schedule for one day in this student's paradise will be given hereafter in full.

An electric clock, set for 7:30, causes soft music to commence, to begin, to start, to play, at that time. The music gradually increases in volume, until at 8 A. M. the tone is so inspiring—so full of pathos and inherent eloquence that to sleep longer is completely out of the question. The music continues changing from time to time, from a one step, to a fox trot, or a hesitation. The students are so enthralled by the wonderful strains, that they forget or at least neglect, to be angry for having been awakened a such an hour. The music continues and the students dance their way along corridors of fine hard wood, well waxed and perfectly kept for dancing purposes.

It will be well to say that the rendezvous of the couples is in the second floor corridor in North hall. To be specific, we will follow an inmate of South hall (boys' dormitory) on his course to the breakfast room. He takes the elevator from fifth floor, south hall, to the ground floor. Here he begins dancing with some other young man of equally aesthetic temperament, but when he arrives at the entrance to North hall, he beholds a line of charming damsels awaiting their respective cavaliers. Quickly disengaging himself from the clutches of his partner, he extends his arms in a mute invitation, and the young lady of his choice glides into them, and they continue on an uninterrupted course to the breakfast room. Chaperones are unheard of in this Utopia, as the necessity for them has never once manifested itself. The couples always carry themselves with perfect decorum.

During meals the couples are, of course, allowed to sit together. The reason the authorities of the school permit this is, they realize the commercial value of the food left by those so much occupied by each other's company.

For altho' the food is of the finest and daintiest

and prepared according to the latest rules of sanitation, (?) yet the stalwart youths and fair damsels look into each other's eyes and the re find food for their souls, as well as for their physical beings. Suffice it to say, they would probably notice no difference between these dainty, delicious, concoctions and

"Cold boiled potatoes
Rice and tomatoes."

It is a well established and undisputed fact that the best is always the cheapest. This explains in simple terms, the reasons why only the silveriest of silverware and the most china of chinaware forever graces the snowy white linen on the mahogany tables used in the dining room of this institution.

The principle of "be pleasant every morning until ten o'clock, the rest of the day will take care of itself" is worked out here to such perfection that absolutely no friction is ever manifested in the wonderful working parts of this well balanced machine of human life!

After breakfast the students adjourn to the spacious reception room, where they while away the time until 9:30, when all meet in Alumni hall for chapel exercises, which last until 10:00 o'clock.

The first class is called at this time. Not wishing to tax the student's strength beyond a certain limit the schedule is so arranged that one has the choice of three subjects for this hour; namely: gymnasium, social methods, methods of conversation and etiquette; its value and reasons.

The next period starts at 11 o'clock. Here the choice lies between any one of the four modern languages and Latin. Needless to say, the class in Latin is very diminutive.

Luncheon is served at 12:30. This is very informal and is by far the time most looked forward to by the students.

Dancing is allowed, in fact, encouraged in the corridors from after luncheon until 2 p. m., when at this time all go to the chapel, where a very interesting class in simplified spelling is held under the supervision and personal direction of the Principal.

The last period consists of classes in Domestic Science and Manual Training, the former for the benefit of the future housewives of America and the latter for the benefit of the husbands of the same as it would very likely prove of great benefit in mending chairs, etc.

This completes the schedule of classes and after such a strenuous day, it is necessarily necessary to sooth the overwrought nerves of the student by some relieving recreation. At this time, there is ample opportunity for boating (?) on the pond, swimming in the pool, and fishing in the creek. These aquatic sports are interspersed with tennis for the girls and boys; base ball for the boys and field hockey for the girls.

Dinner is served at 6:30. This is a very formal occasion, the girls appearing in evening dresses and the boys in full dress.

Following dinner, dancing is in order. Leading from the ball room is an excellent conservatory and green house containing all manner of tropical, semi-tropical, temperate and frigid zone flowers, mosses and lichens. Near the center of the conservatory is a fountain marvelous in its workmanship. Any drink

desired can be secured at this fountain. Some of the flavors offered are lemon, strawberry, and kola-mint. Any sundae may be secured at a little buffet at one side, three graces, and Normal school special, being particular favorites.

Numerous cozy corners are placed in convenient secluded corners for the benefit of those who desire one another's company rather than the company of others. Here anyone may sit and enjoy a drink, a sundae or—? As the dancers become wearied, if they so desire, automobiles are at their disposal for joy-riding, on the excellent macadam roads which abound in this community.

Study hour is from 9:30 until 10:00 p. m. "Lights out" at 11 o'clock an hour being allowed between 10 and 11 for social recreation in the club rooms of the two dormitories. At 10:50 music again starts to commence, to begin, to play, this time however the favorite theme being some soft, soothing lullaby, which quickly induces the worn out but perfectly happy aspirants to the "rough and rocky road to knowledge," to slumber such slumbers as come only to those who live in perfect faith of another day equal in pleasure to the day just passed.

Editor's Note—We hope that we have elucidated to such an extent that no doubt as to the advantages, opportunities, and enjoyments possible in this Utopia remains in any of our gentle reader's minds.

IF.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your soap, when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you—
If you can make a bluff when teachers doubt you—
And get away with all your bluffing too—
If you can pack your callers in clothes presses
When comes a knock and then not deal in lies
While being questioned—tho you know she guesses,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise.

If you can take a squelch and still be master—
If you can dance, and feel no trace of blame
While watching your new slippers meet disaster—
And treat the man that mashed 'em just the same.
If you can hear the truth about you spoken—
And never offer back a single knock—
But grin, and let them think you think they're joking—
While secretly you certainly are NOT.

If you can face a Trig' examination,
Or find A's gain or what Poor B has lost—
And get it right, and never get the "big head"—
Or flunk it flat, and never mind the cost.
If you can force your poor old, tired, gray matter
To pull you thru exams the last of June,
And so plug on, when there is nothing in you
Except the will that says to you, plug on.

If you can talk with "him" behind a paper—
Or walk arcades and never be caught once—
If you can meet his girl and then not hate her,
If all boys count with you, but none too much,
If you can at starvation's very limit
Fill up that void with five cents worth of gum—
Your's is the earth and everything that's in it—
For you've accomplished things that can't be done.

E. MANLEY.

IF.

It is only a little conjunctive
This "if" of our own mother tongue;
The mood I believe is subjunctive
'Tis the word of which Kipling has sung.

If there weren't a blame regulation
And life was one gay giddy whirl,
With coin for each social occasion
And plenty to spend on your girl—

If model school kids were as simple
As their Mamas would have us believe,
And back of each smile and dimple
There was never a thought to deceive.

If our team were always victorious
At football and diamond and track,
O, then it would surely be glorious
To hurrah for the Red and the Black!

If the girls could steal to "cafe Vosburg"
And a hall teacher never be seen,
If the fellows could go up to Blossburg
And never be placed on the green—

If only some chemistry fellow
Could combine some O H's and C's
That would turn all our enemies yellow
Both over and under the seas—

If these twelve weary weeks to vacation
Could be only divided by three,
With no "State Board" before graduation
How pleasant this life here would be!

John V. Hannon.

The Breath of Scandal.

"Yes," said a lady of high social distinction at the Colony Club in New York. "I dearly love a Bronx cocktail before dinner, but I never take one. The odor of the gin stays on my breath for hours, and my husband doesn't like it."

"Only too true!" stated Beatrice Herford, the society monologist dreamily. "The wages of gin is breath!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Some Memory.

Prof. Kichline—"Miss Dills, give me some argument for protective tariff."

Miss Dills—"I can't."

Prof. Kichline—"Did't I tell you to remember at least three arguments?"

Miss Dills—"Yes,—and I did but I have forgotten them now."

When Scribe Meets Scribe!

Miss Bach—"What's new today?"

Down town newspaperman—"Nothing, only Hans Wagner was born in Mansfield."

Miss Bach (excitedly)—"Who to?"

Giving the Base Ball Squad the "O. O."

By Hartley Dean

Base ball men at Mansfield are preparing for another season which the "wise guys" tell us is to be one of the most successful of recent years. Coach Kichline has arranged a schedule consisting of some twenty games. Several especially strong teams such as State College Freshmen, Syracuse Freshmen and Blossburg will appear on the home diamond while our boys will meet the fast Elmira State League and the Bellefonte teams on hostile grounds. The other games are with the best high schools, academy and independent teams that could be secured.

Coach Kichline has a good nucleus of last year's Varsity and reserve players about which he expects to build a winning team. Some of these boys are stars of the '16 team and it will take good recruits to beat them out for a position. However we believe that there are some new men who will make strong bids for Varsity positions.

Captain Michael Gazella was our most successful pitcher last year and won two or three no-hit games. He should be even better this season as he has had some valuable experience since then. Besides being an A No. 1 pitcher "Mike" is a heavy hitter, an asset seldom found in twirlers and he fields his position very well. He knows base ball from A to Z and should prove an efficient leader for his team.

Anyone who wishes to play the keystone sack will have to beat out "Gus" Granger, who has played in that position for the last two years. Granger is a hard, conscientious player and shows good team work. He was so unfortunate as to injure his wrist last year which greatly hindered his playing. His work this year will undoubtedly be the best he has ever given us.

Affairs in the "hot corner" about third base will probably be under the management of its former guardian, Reese Matteson. Reese is a steady, sure fielder, and has a mighty good "wing." Those who were fortunate enough to see the games last spring will remember some of the long rides he gave the ball. His work thus far points to improvement even over last year.

Shortstop McInroy, will be out for his position and it will take a very good recruit to prevent his getting it. Although small in stature "Ted" is a big man in base ball affairs. He covered his territory in a manner that won the admiration and praise of the students.

Don Rockwell, catcher and utility outfielder, shows fine form. He is very fast on the paths and hits hard.

There are two climants for the initial sack in the persons of "Bill" McNamara and Earl Chamberlain. Chamberlain is a former Varsity man. McNamara has a great reputation in his home town and played good base ball the few times he was out last year.

O. Decker and Paul Allison, reserves of '16, promise to make someone work hard for their positions.

There is a large number of new men who are trying out for Varsity jobs. Many of them are showing up very well and will certainly make some of the former Varsity players extend themselves to keep their berths.

Joe Hayes, a southpaw, is said to be a star and his work thus far certainly proves the assertion. He seems to throw easier than most left handers, and understands the game thoroughly. Good twirlers are handy people to have around in base ball weather and we can't have too many of them.

Another pitcher, Stogoski, comes to us with a good reputation. He is also a southpaw, and should prove a valuable addition to our pitching staff.

Frank Reckus is the only new man who has attempted to do any catching as yet. He seems to have the qualities that go for the making of a first-class catcher.

Among the new infielders who have attracted especial attention is Andrew Gombar. His favorite field of activity seems to be about the third base region, where he accepts everything that comes along with the much ease and skill. His stick work is unusually good. The boy is young and has a fine chance to make a name for himself in base ball.

Kenneth Creswell is another infielder, who has shown up very well thus far. Creswell is well known in base ball circles at Williamsport, where he played with some fast independent teams. He is a short stop and seems to know all the fine points of the game.

Charlie Joyce, a short stop and second baseman, seems determined to land a Varsity berth. He fields well, has a good arm and hits the pill hard.

There is a large and varied assortment of outfielders. Several of them are doing fine work. Harry McInroy, brother of Ted, proves a veritable demon with the bat and plays errorless ball in the garden. He has already been seen in action on the local ground, having appeared with the Wellsboro high school team here last year. If he continues his present grade of work nothing less than a German bomb can keep him from making the Varsity lineup.

Alfred Sayres also gives promise of developing into a first-class fielder. Besides being a good hitter, "Al" is sure of his catches and has a fine "whip."

Ralph Harrison is another gattener who deserves much favorable comment. He hits hard and fields well.

Evan Williams has been showing form which will make someone work hard to beat him out for a place on the team.

There is a large squad of others who show the elements of good ball players and may develop Varsity ability. Prominent among these are: Beange, Gallagher, Learn, Norton, Johnson, Ashcraft, Schott, and Joe Joyce. There is certainly some good material in the school this year and the prospects are very bright for a winning team.

He—Are you fond of indoor sports?

She—Yes, if they know when to go home—Princeton Tiger.

He (after a collision)—Hurt you?

She—No.

He (absent minded)—I'm sorry.—Yale Record.

" 'Shear Steal' From the 'College Wits' "

"I heard a wonderful organ recital last night."
 "Where was it?"
 "At the hospital. Dr. Killem lectured on the heart, lungs, and liver.—Princeton Tiger.

"I haven't slept for days."
 "Smatter, sick?"
 "Naw, I sleep nights."—Cornell Widow.

Gent—Is there any soup on this bill-of-fare?
 Waiter—there was, sir, but I wiped it off.—Nebraska Awgwan.

Trick Proof.
 Professor (explaining a difficult problem in Trig)
 —"Now, gentlemen, watch the board closely and I will run through it."—Tiger.

"Are these oysters fresh?"
 "They never got sassy to me."—Punch Bowl.

She—"How much do you love me, dearest?"
 He (absently)—"Oh, about six hours at night, I suppose."—Widow.

Above the Footlights.
 "Ever notice the expression on the ballet dancer's face?"
 "No!"
 "Look at it next time."—Awgwan.
 "How close a friend is he of Mabel's?"
 "He had powder all over his coat last night."—Punch Bowl.

Correct—"When was the loose leaf system first used?"
 "Eve used it to keep track of her party gowns."—Cornell Widow.

Alas!
 Prof.—What three words are used the most among college students?
 Weary Fresh—I don't know.
 Prof.—Correct.—Awgwan.

A Bargain.
 "How much was dose collars?"
 "Two for a quarter."
 How much for vun?"
 "Fifteen cents."
 "Giff me de odder vun."—Yale Record.

A Natural Query—He—When I was four years old I was left an orphan.
 She—What did you do with it?—Orange Peel.

Half Baked.
 "Don't you consider an order of rare beef improper?"
 "Why so?"
 "Because it isn't done, you know."—Punch Bowl.

Brevity.
 She wore a dress,
 I laughed at it—
 For brevity's
 The soul of wit.—Wisconsin Awk.

What It Means.
 The Freshman class was raw and green.
 Says Lampshade, "What does dogma mean?"
 A bright guy stuck his hand right up—
 "It means a dog that has a pup."—Penn State Froth

Enough.
 Coach—What that squad needs is life.
 Frosh—Aw, no, thirty days is enough—Widow.

"Who planned the ventilating system for the building?"
 "Some draftsman, I suppose."—Cornell Widow.

True—Better to have loved and lost than never to have had co-education.—Pelican.

Beware—Many a captivating co-ed has lost a perfectly good stand-in by guessing the wrong name over a telephone.—Minnehaha.

Not Good For One.
 Ed—Are late hours good for one?
 Co-ed—No, but they're all right for two—Orange Peel.

Hard to Decide.
 First Co-Ed—What's your favorite game?
 Second Co-Ed—I really don't know, Jim plays football and Harry is on the baseball team.—Penn State Froth.

What She Thought—He—I don't think this cocoanut taffey is very good, do you?
 She—O, it's knotty, but it's nice.—Siren.

"Did you ever read 'Looking Backwards'?"
 "Yes, once in an exam, and I was suspended."
 —Cornell Widow

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 Oh, for the life of a cop!—Harvard Lampoon.

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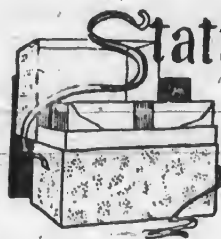
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Mansfield, the third oldest Normal school, has an alumni list of 3500 graduates, the second largest of Pennsylvania Normal schools. Some of you will soon be numbered among her graduates, as so many others have been. Show your active interest and loyalty by sending us the names, with addresses, of young men and women who are desirable students. The success of this school, in fact of all schools, depends upon the success and character of its students and graduates.

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